

Boy. He prayes you to saue his life, he is a Gentleman of a good house, and for his ransom he will giue you two hundred Crownes.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the Crownes will take.

Frén. Petit Monsieur que dit il?

Boy. *Encore qu'il et contra son serement, de pardonner aucune prisonnier: neant-moins pour les escues que vous luy a promets, il est content a vous donner la liberte le franchisement.*

Frén. *Sur mes genoux se vous donnez mille remerciens, et le me estime heureux que le intombe entre les main d'un Cheualier. Je pense le plus brave valiant et tres digne signieur d'Angleterre.*

Pist. Expound vnto me boy.

Boy. He giues you vpon his knees a thousand thanks, and he esteemes himselfe happy, that he hath saue into the hands of one (as he thinks) the most braue, valorous and thrice-worthy signeur of England.

Pist. As I sucke blood, I will some mercy shew. Follow mee.

Boy. Saue vous le grand Capitaine?

I did neuer know so full a voyce issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true, The empty vessel makes the greatest sound, *Bardolfe* and *Nym* had tenne times more valour, then this roaring diuell i'th olde play, that euerie one may payre his nayles with a wooden dagger, and they are both hang'd, and so would this be, if hee durst steale any thing aduenturously. I must stay with the Lackies with the luggage of our camp, the French might haue a good pray of vs, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boyes.

Exit.

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dolphin, and Ramburs.

Con. O Diabie.

Orl. O signeur le iour et perdis, toute et perdis.

Dol. Mor Dieu ma vie, all is confounded all,

Reproach, and euertlasting shame

Sits mocking in our Plumes.

A short Alarm.

O meschante Fortune, do not runne away.

Con. Why all our rankes are broke.

Dol. O perdurable shame, let's stab our selues:

Be these the wretches that we plaid at dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we sent too, for his ransom?

Bur. Shame, and eternall shame, nothing but shame,

Let vs dye in once more backe againe,

And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,

Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand

Like a base Pander hold the Chamber doore,

Whilst a base slaue, no gentler then my dogge,

His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder that hath spoyl'd vs, friend vs now,

Let vs on heapes go offer vp our liues.

Orl. We are now yet liuing in the field,

To smother vp the English in our throngs,

If any order might be thought vpon.

Bur. The diuell take Order now, Ile to the throng;

Let life be short, else shame will be too long.

Exit.

Alarm. Enter the King and his trayne, with Prisoners.

King. Well haue we done, thrice-valiant Countermen, But all's not done, yet keepe the French the field.

Exe. The D. of York commends him to your Maiesty

King. Liues he good Vnckle: thrice within this house I saw him downe; thrice vp againe, and fighting. From Helmet to the spurre, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array (braue Soldier) doth he lye, Larding the plaine: and by his bloody side, (Yoake-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds)

The Noble Earle of Suffolke also lyes.

Suffolke first dyed, and Yorke all hagged ouer

Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteept,

And takes him by the Beard, kisses the gashes

That bloodily did yawne vpon his face.

He cries aloud; Tarry my Cousin Suffolke,

My soule shall thine keepe company to heauen:

Tarry (sweet soule) for mine, then flye a-brest:

As in this glorious and well-foughten field

We kept together in our Chiuallrie.

Vpon these words I came, and cheer'd him vp,

He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,

And with a feeble gripe, sayes: Deere my Lord,

Commend my seruice to my Soueraigne,

So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes necke

He threw his wounded arme, and kist his hippe,

And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd

A Testament of Noble-ending-love:

The prettie and sweet manner of it forc'd

Those waters from me, which I would haue stop'd,

But I had not so much of man in mee,

And all my mother came into mine eyes,

And gaue me vp to teares.

King. I blame you not,

For hearing this, I must perforce compound

With mixtfull eyes, or they will issue to.

But hearken, what new alarm is this fame?

The French haue re-enforc'd their scatter'd men:

Then euery souldiour kill his Prisoners,

Giue the word through.

Alarm.

Exit.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Elnellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage. 'Tis expressly against the Law of Armes, tis as arrant a peece of knaue-ry marke you now, as can bee offert in your Conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certaine, there's not a boy left alive, and the Cowardly Rascalls that ranne from the battaile ha' done this slaughter: besides they haue burned and carried away all that was in the Kings Tent, wherefore the King most worthily hath caus'd euery souldiour to cut his prisoners throat. O 'tis a gallant King.

Flu. I, hee was borne at *Monmouth* Captaine Gower: What call you the Townes name where *Alexander* the pig was borne?

Gow. *Alexander* the Great.

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the grear, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, saue the phrase is a litle variations.

Gow. I thinke *Alexander* the Great was borne in *Macedon*, his Father was called *Phillip* of *Macedon*, as I take it.

Flu. I thinke it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is

posse.

The Life of Henry the Fifth.

porne: I tell you Captaine, if you looke in the Maps of the Orld, I warrant you shall finde in the comparisous betwene *Macedon* & *Monmouth*, that the situations looke you, is both alike. There is a Riuer in *Macedon*, & there is also moreouer a Riuer at *Monmouth*, it is call'd *Wye* at *Monmouth*: but it is out of my praines, what is the name of the other Riuer: but 'tis all one, tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you marke *Alexander*'s life well, *Harry* of *Monmouth*'s life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. *Alexander* God knowes, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his chollers, and his moodes, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicated in his praines, did in his Ales and his angers (looke you) kill his best friend *Chyris*.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he neuer kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done (marke you now) to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures, and comparisous of it: as *Alexander* killd his friend *Chyris*, being in his Ales and his Cuppes; so also *Harry* *Monmouth* being in his right wittes, and his good iudgements, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly doublet: he was full of iests, and gypes, and knaueries, and mockes, I haue forgot his name.

Gow. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.

Flu. That is he: Ile tell you, there is good men porne at *Monmouth*.

Gow. Heere comes his Maiesty.

Alarm. Enter King Harry and Bourbon with prisoners. Flourish.

King. I was not angry since I came to France, Vntill this instant. Take a Trumpet Herald, Ride thou vnto the Horsemen on yond hill:

If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe,

Or voyde the field: they do offend our fight,

If they'l do neither, we will come to them,

And make them sker away, as swift as stones

Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:

Besides, wee'l cut the throats of those we haue,

And not a man of them that we shall take,

Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Montjoy.

Exe. Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege

Gow. His eyes are humbler then they vs'd to be.

King. How now, what meanes this Herald? Knowst thou not,

That I haue fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?

Com'st thou againe for ransom?

Her. No great King:

I come to thee for charitable License,

That we may wander ore this bloody field,

To booke our dead, and then to bury them,

To fort our Nobles from our common men.

For many of our Princes (woe the while)

Lye drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood:

So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbes

In blood of Princes, and with wounded steeds

Fretter-locke deepe in gore, and with wilde rage

Yerke out their armed heeles at their dead masters,

Killing them twice. O giue vs leave great King,

To view the field in safety, and dispose

Of their dead bodies,

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